Collapsed Lung

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Collapsed Lung

by Hisvoicebrokemyheart

Summary

When Duncan opened his door, the last thing he expected to find was a man covered in blood falling through it.

Notes

Whumptober Day 8: Collapsed Lung

Just a shorty but I dove into some kaisergram for this one. I love a concerned and caring Duncan.

I'll be posting my alt for Day 7 either later today or early tomorrow. As always, all mistakes are my own.

See the end of the work for more notes

When Duncan opened his door, the last thing he expected to find was a man covered in blood falling through it.

He must have been bracing himself against the door, so when it disappeared from underneath him he tumbled right into Duncan. If Duncan's reflexes were even the slightest bit lacking it would have sent both of them to the floor.

The man's breath was laboured, wheezing at the end of each exhale and punctuated by a rattling cough on the next breath in.

"Help—me—" His voice was nothing more than a whisper.

Once Duncan got a good look at him he recognized the man as his neighbor from across the lake, Will. His hair was soaked through and Duncan could see the tell tale signs of hand to hand combat on his face.

He dragged him forward so they were both fully inside, and he shut and locked the door behind him.

"The person that did this—"

"Already—" he hissed, gritting his teeth, "—dead."

Duncan nodded, one less thing to look out for. He pulled Will over to the wooden dining table in the middle of the room and maneuvered him so he was laid out flat on top of it. From there he ripped open Will's shirt, sending buttons flying across the floor, and ran into the bedroom to grab his emergency kit.

Will was lucky that Duncan never fully let go of his past. He had enough medical supplies in one trunk to rival that of a local fire department's ambulance.

He pulled out some fabric shears and cut through Will's undershirt to get a good look at his chest. There had to be a reason for the breathing trouble, and once he cleared the shirt away it stared him in the face.

Will's abdomen was already starting to bruise. Duncan noted a jagged stab wound on his right side below his chest. He jumped into action, falling back into old patterns, recognizing the sign of a collapsed lung when he saw one.

He grabbed stacks of sterile gauze and antiseptic pads and set them out on the table and dug in his trunk for a chest tube. He'd placed a few in his day. In the early portion of his career with Damocles, they slated him with more than his fair share of group missions. Those missions taught him to never fully rely on the team he was given. They couldn't be trusted to keep their heads on straight, God forbid avoid injury.

Will was lean enough that Duncan could easily palpate his ribs, and fingered down to the fifth. Leaving one finger to mark his place, he reached for the antiseptic with his free hand and swiped over his mark.

With the area clean, he made a halfhearted attempt at cleaning the stab wound as well. The brief action of care was thrown to the side when there was no reaction from Will to what should have been a nasty sting.

Duncan partially taped off the knife wound and watched as the free edge sputtered against Will's breathing.

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With the chest tube in place and set for drainage, Duncan felt a little guilty leaving Will to lay on the hardwood. His eyes darted to the front door, checking the lock once more, and retreated back to his room. He brought his two pillows and a heavy winter blanket back with him.

He placed one pillow under his knees, and the other under his head, neck, and shoulders. Before he could stop himself, he ran his fingers through Will's hair and watched as the man attempted to turn into the touch.

Duncan inspected his handiwork, satisfied with the stitches he'd placed. The tube was definitely the right move, draining the excess fluid buildup.

"He killed my wife and step-son." Will told Duncan upon waking. He paused, sinking into the reality of it all. "A silenced pistol — they were dead before I even woke up."

Duncan thought it over, premeditated murder in the middle of no where and the only survivor never thought to call for medical attention or the police.

"Why you?" There had to be a reason, Duncan wouldn't put himself at risk over some hurt feelings.

Will looked wholeheartedly ashamed.

"This was never supposed to happen. I fooled myself into believing that I could have something of a normal life. I was a patient of Dr. Hannibal Lecter, but I was always more than that."

Will could admit that now. He knew that he and Hannibal towed the line of professionalism to a razor's edge.

All of the missing pieces clicked together for Duncan with the admittance of that name.

"You're the—"

"—guy who didn't kill all those people." Will couldn't help but laugh. "I thought I escaped that title, guess not. I turned away from Hannibal. He never accepted that I couldn't be what he wanted, that much has become very clear to me."

Duncan watched Will go perfectly still, and the look in Will's eyes was wounded enough to haunt even a man as hardened against life as him.

“I can’t go back to him. He’ll destroy everything I am in search of what he wants me to be.”

And Duncan felt the truth of those words in his core. He knew the feeling of being a pawn, it was no way to live.

“I’ve been told I know how to disappear,” Duncan appeared pensive. He looked over the open space of the main room of the cabin. He’d grown quite attached to this little slice of nowhere, but there was always somewhere else. “Maybe we can try again.”

End Notes

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